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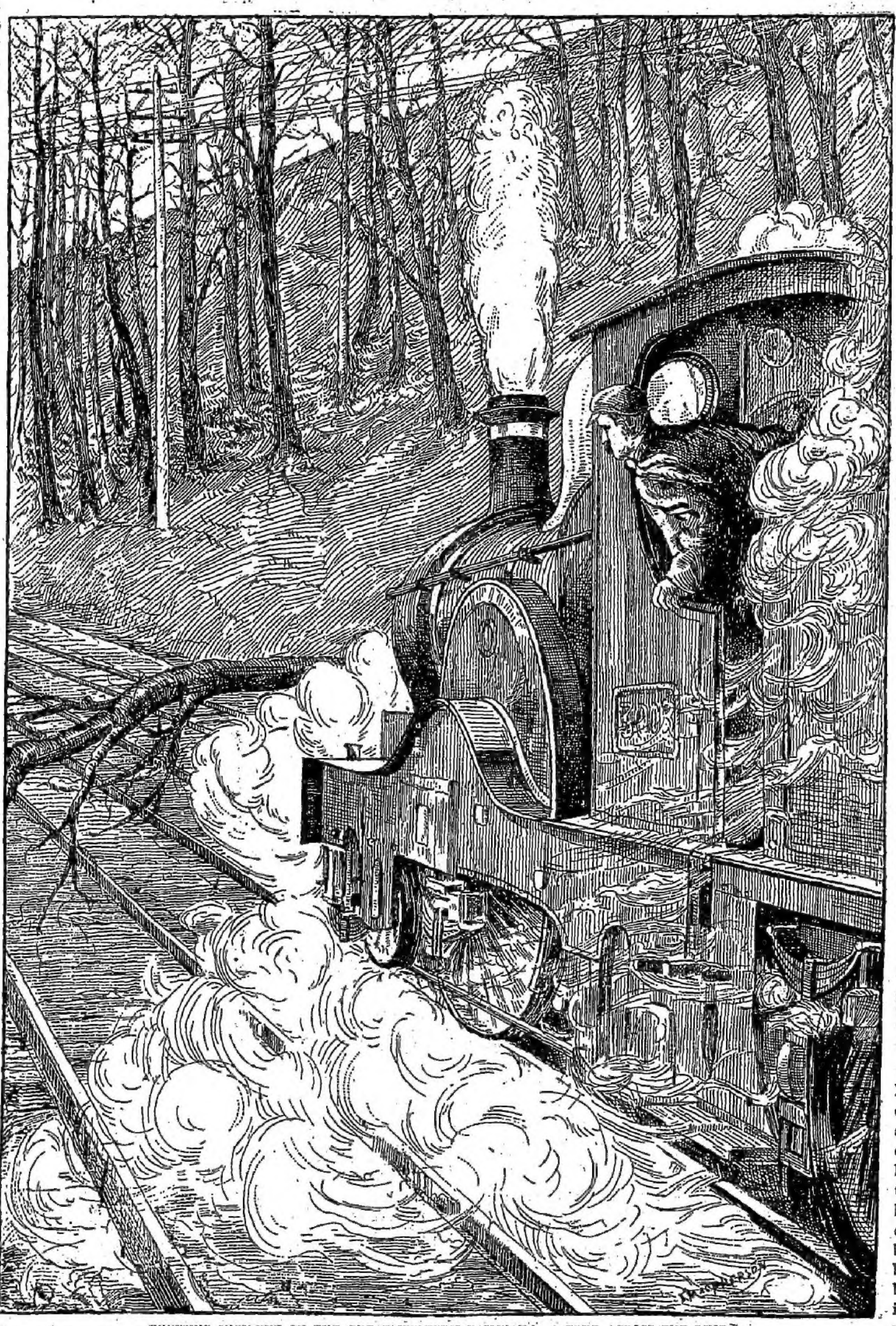
SAFETY IN SPEED.

Another striking proof has recently been added to the already long list of incidents which make it certain that there is safety in extreme speed on railways. A recent English paper tells how the Great Western express, one of the fastest trains in England, came upon the trunk of a tree fifty feet long which had slid down from the embankment. A timid engine-driver, seeing such a formidable obstacle as a trunk 5 ft. 6 in. in circumference before him, might have shut off steam and put on the brakes, when a catastrophe would have been inevitable. Fortunately they do not employ timid drivers on the Great Western, and the engine, at a speed of sixty miles an hour, cut clean through the trunk with no worse results than a slight jolting to the passengers and some damage to the engine-guards and steam-pipe.



EXCITING INCIDENT ON THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY: A TREE ACROSS THE LINE.

NO CONDEMNATION.

Suppose a child does wrong and goes to the mother and lays the head in the mother's lap and says, 'Oh, mother, I am so condemned; it is all so wrong, mother!' She will lay that loving mother-hand on the head of that child, and, do you know, she will not condemn it? The lips will be like the lips of the blessed Son of God, they will be unaccusing lips. Not that she is not sorry that the wrong has been done; oh, no. Not that she is not infinitely desirous that it should not continue; oh, no! all that. But if she is an ideal mother (and there are many mothers that are not ideal mothers), if she is an ideal mother she will just simply lay her hand, there will be no condemnation from her lips, and that was just what Christ showed when He gave the story of the Prodigal Son; He showed us the love of the Father. When the son came and threw himself down and said, 'I have sinned,' you see there was no condemnation at all from the father, not the least; he ordered that the calf should be killed and the robe made ready, and he threw his arms around that prodigal son, so glad to get him, so glad. There was no condemnation. Friends, if we can just simply believe it; if we do not we will never come to Life. We may come to profession, we may come to everything else, but Life is a wonderful thing, and when we come to that Life there will be no trouble then about walking in the Spirit, we will follow the Spirit. Of course, we will follow where we love and where we know we are loved. How hard it has been for some of us not to follow where we knew we were loved. It is a very hard thing not to follow the person that you know loves you, and there can come times in human life when one cannot follow the one that one knows loves him. It may not be much to you, it is a great deal to me to think that there is One that will never, never find fault with me. I cannot tell you how much it is to me. When I hear of anybody who finds fault with me in these days, since I have seen this, I turn my tired face to the One who will never, never condemn me. I remember a girl once who came to see what I am trying to have you see; I will never forget it.

Do you know we will never come, dear friends, to see sin and give it up, turn from it, until this love has become real to us? We have to be pretty wicked to sin against love; of course, we can, we are sinning against it, but people do not see that God loves them. Certainly, the need in human souls, somehow or other, is not met because they do not believe it. I remember a person once saying to me, I shall love you, no matter what

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you do, no matter what you don't do, no matter whether you ever love me or not, I never can help loving you. Now, that was a human being who said that to me once. If, then, that is the human, where is the God of all love. We will get to see it sometime or other that He cannot help loving the creatures He has made. It seems to me there has been a great deal of wrong teaching, that I shall always insist has been wrong, that God loves only good people, that you have to be good before He loves you; it is not true!

And now let me say a word about believing. There is a great deal said about believing that is no believing at all. You will never believe until a truth has taken such a grasp upon you that you will act it. Only what you live you believe, so that a great deal of the talk about believing the creed and the believing of the Bible, does not amount to anything. You never believe what you do not live. You may hold an opinion, an intelligent opinion of the truth, but that is not life at all. What we need is to see the love of God. I heard of a mother who had an idiot child, and he grew up to eighteen years of age, and he was so utterly loathsome that only the mother could endure it, could care for him; and when she was asked how she could stand it, she said: 'If he only gives me one look of recognition before he dies that I am his mother, it will more than pay me for all I have done for him in eighteen years.' And think of God, with all his idiotic children that He loves, waiting for a look of recognition that He is their Father. No condemnation! Oh, will you take it this morning? I wonder if you will go out from here this morning saying, 'It does not matter now who condemns me, it does not matter how much I have condemned myself, there is no condemnation from the lips of the unaccusing Christ.' Then self condemnation will begin to pass away, and you will come out into life, into the joy of little children. No condemnation, no separation!—*Margaret Bottome.*

UNCONSCIOUS SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS.

BY REV. JAMES L. HILL, D.D.

There is a humility that is very oppressive. Saul had it when he hid among the stuff. His very effort to be humble betrays his absorption in self. So is it with the man who keeps exclaiming: 'Do not bring me into prominence. Do not keep dragging me before the public. If you do not desist pushing me to the front, I shall retire from view altogether. I am not hungering after so much notoriety.'

His tenderness on the sole matter of conspicuousness reveals where his thoughts are. The very effort that a man is often seen to be making to obscure himself is the first evidence that any one in the company thought that process necessary, and it is suggestive to notice who it is that feels that everybody is thinking of him.

Nothing was said about prominence or publicity. A service of a useful character was asked, but the thought of prominence came not from the thing to be done, nor from the usefulness of it, but from the recollection of self. The very effort that it is deemed necessary to make to secure concealment tells its own egotistic tale.

Do not think that every one who drops into a back seat is oblivious of self. 'Let them find me.' He is sometimes as conscious as a man sitting for his picture.

One may even attract attention to himself by his efforts to be humble. He seems to enjoy hearing what others say of him, while he is protesting his lack of consequence. Even self-reproach is often the most subtle form of vanity. The man does it so self-respectfully that he shows that in doing it he feels himself to be verily blacking a statue.

The carefulness sometimes employed to make sure that no flowers will be sent to a funeral in the family often makes the impression that in many a case one overestimates the number of his friends, and also their devotion. Some men begin early in life to restrain expression in the matter of a monument on occasion of their death. They seem to feel that if things were settled by their merits or according to public expectation, or with a just regard to one's prominence, something heroic would certainly be done.

A man will sometimes boast as to the infrequency with which he has used the pronouns of the first person singular—'I,' 'mine,' and 'me'—in his addresses; whereas this very omission, seeing it was done against such odds on his own part, reveals the finest and purest egotism.

Now a morbid absorption in self will never be overcome by any contemptuous treatment of it, and its worst feature is that it impedes one's heartiest efficiency. An enthusiast is not thus trammelled, for his whole attention is centred upon his object. John the Baptist did not conduct his mission as if he felt chiefly that others were looking at him. An athlete cannot perform his most difficult feats, requiring poise and intrepidity, unless he forgets himself.

It is unconscious self-consciousness that makes many Christians resist the divine Spirit when he incites them to participate in a public social meeting. Why do they not go over to the point of view of the Spirit, who is urging a duty, or the standpoint of the leader of the meeting who wishes and needs their aid?

Such persons are weighted down with self. Let go of yourself. All joy in service is, till then, denied. Say, not I, but Christ that dwelleth in me. Cultivate simplicity and naturalness.—*Golden Rule.*

IS SHE NOT A HEROINE?

BY THE REV. JOHN D. RUMSEY.

(A True Narrative.)

Heroism is not merely standing bravely for the right in the face of some threatened danger. It is also a noble devotion to a great cause in spite of many difficulties. It is self-devotion to a worthy object manifesting itself in action.

According to this definition, we believe the subject of our sketch is a heroine. Although not her name, we will call her Miss Davis.

Miss Davis lives in the western part of Wisconsin. Her home is in the country, some distance from any village. She is not strong physically, having been obliged to give up her desire to secure an education on account of ill-health, but she is a consecrated Christian young woman.

About three and a half miles from Miss Davis's home is a country school-house on the bank of the Mississippi river. Here, seven years ago, Miss Davis and a Christian friend organized a Sunday-school. For nearly a year they carried on the school together, and then the friend had to leave. Did Miss Davis give up the school? Not at all. Alone, she has bravely carried on the school ever since. With no Christian helpers, with no Christian to consult with, with no Christian to call on to pray, she has faithfully kept up the work. The road to the school-house is through a dark ravine, with but few houses on the way; yet over this lonely road, summer and winter, for seven years, Miss Davis has travelled three miles and a half every Sunday, and held the Sunday-school. Occasionally she has had some help from a visiting Christian friend or when a Christian would happen in the neighborhood, or from some of her own family, but usually she has been alone with her school.

Instead of being discouraged in her work, Miss Davis has desired to do more, and about a year ago she organized a young people's society. The Sunday-school meets in the morning, the society in the evening. As in the Sunday-school, so in the society, she is the only Christian. No one else to pray, no one else to give testimony, no one else to lead, yet she faithfully keeps up the society, and some twenty-five young people gather with her, with whom she studies the Bible, and to whom she reads sermons and Christian stories. Is she not a heroine? Is hers not a noble self-devotion to a great cause? Has she not the spirit of sacrifice for the good of others? Is she not winning the Master's 'well done?'

Dear Sunday-school workers, before this true heroine, should we give up or hesitate because of the lack of helpers, or other discouragements? Think of this young woman going three and a half miles over a lonely road every Sunday, for seven years, to hold Sunday-school without a Christian helper! Think of her during the last year making a second journey at night, and leading a young people's meeting, with not a single Christian present to help!

We do not wonder that the members of the school and society surprised Miss Davis at Christmas time, and presented her with a handsome gold watch.

Last fall a few Christian young men twenty-five miles away from the school-house visited the Sunday-school. So impressed were they with the young teacher's devotion, that all the fall, as long as the weather and roads permitted, they drove nearly every Sunday the twenty-five miles, assisted in the Sunday-school, and afterwards held a prayer-meeting. Thus Miss Davis's heroism inspired others; and we do not doubt that her prayers will soon be answered, and her devotion and faith will be rewarded by a harvest of souls and an abundance of Christian helpers.

May this recital of the devotion of a Christian heroine with no more than ordinary ability, with poor health but strong faith in God, inspire and incite others to go and carry the gospel to the needy districts about them! Such heroism would start and maintain a Sunday-school and young people's society in every district school-house in our land.—*Sunday-School Times.*

HELPS FOR JUNIOR WORKERS.

A BIBLE STORY.—Mr. Thomas Wainwright suggests, in the *Illinois Endeavorer*, this excellent plan: 'Appoint a child to read a Bible story during the week, suitable to the topic, if possible. At the next meeting the story is to be told in the child's language, omitting the names of all persons mentioned. When the story is finished the other children are to supply the names of the characters of the story. While all are interested the superintendent will have opportunity to bring out the truths taught in the story. Appoint a boy one week and a girl the next, and you will be surprised at the interest taken in it.'

A MISSIONARY PORTFOLIO.—'This,' says the *Young People's Standard*, 'is something that our Juniors will enjoy, and something that will greatly aid the missionary committee. Cut from illustrated papers and magazines pictures of our missionaries, the churches and schools in which they work, and the houses in which they live; also pictures of natives of heathen lands, their home life, etc. Paste these smoothly on back-grounds of heavy white cardboard; place them in a large manilla envelope, such as editors use for newspaper clippings, and trace upon the envelope, with a small brush and vermillion paint, the words, "Missionary Portfolio." Such a set of pictures can be added to from time to time, and the children will never tire even of the old ones.'

SCHOLAR'S NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON VI.—MAY 6. 1894.

JOSEPH'S LAST DAYS.—Gen. 50:14-26.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 24-26.

GOLDEN TEXT.

'The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.'—Prov. 4:18.

HOME READINGS.

M. Gen. 45:16-28.—The Invitation to Egypt.
T. Gen. 46:1-7, 26-34.—The Journey to Egypt.
W. Gen. 47:1-12.—Joseph and his Father.
Th. Gen. 47:13-27.—The Years of Famine.
F. Gen. 49:1-33.—The Death of Jacob.
S. Gen. 50:1-13.—The Burial of Jacob.
S. Gen. 50:14-26.—Joseph's Last Days.

LESSON PLAN.

I. Shadows of an Old Sin. vs. 14-18.
II. Christlike Forgiveness. vs. 19-21.
III. Ending of a Good Life. vs. 22-26.

TIME.—B.C. 1689-1635, from the death of Jacob to the death of Joseph.

PLACE.—Heliopolis, or perhaps Goshen, where Joseph may have spent his last days.

OPENING WORDS.

There is an interval of about eighteen years between the last lesson and this. (See Gen. 45:16-50:13.) The leading incidents are—Joseph sends for his father; Jacob comes down into Egypt, is met by Joseph, presented to Pharaoh, settles in Goshen, where he lives for seventeen years, dies B.C. 1689, and is buried by his sons in the cave of Macpelah.

HELPS IN STUDYING.

11. *Joseph returned*—after he had buried his father. 15. *Peradventure*—'it may be.' The guilty conscience causes fear. *Requite*—punish us. 17. *Went*—touched by their penitence, and hurt also by their doubt of his love. 18. *Fell down*—fulfilling the dream for which they had so bitterly hated him. 19. *Am I in the place of God?*—'am I in the position to interfere in the purposes of God to direct his plans?' 20. *He thought evil*—he was too candid to say they had not sinned. *God meant it for good*—God took your sin and used it for your good. 24. *God will surely visit you*—he believed in God's promise. (See chap. 46:4.) 25. *Took an oath*—Jacob took a similar oath from Joseph in regard to his own burial.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—How long an interval between the last lesson and this? Give an outline of the events of this interval. Title? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. SHADOWS OF AN OLD SIN. vs. 14-18.—Where did Joseph go after burying his father? What did his brothers fear? How did they address Joseph? What prophetic dream did this fulfil? Gen. 37:7. How did they press their plea? How did they illustrate Prov. 23:13?

II. CHRISTLIKE FORGIVENESS. vs. 19-21.—How was Joseph affected? Why? What did he say to his brothers? How had God brought good out of their evil? Did this make their conduct any less wicked? What did he promise them? How should we treat those who injure us? What example of forgiveness has Christ given us? What do we pray for in the fifth petition of the Lord's Prayer?

III. ENDING OF A GOOD LIFE. vs. 22-26.—To what age did Joseph live? How was he blessed in his old age? How did he show his faith in God's promise? Heb. 11:22. What oath did he exact from the Israelites? What was done with his body? How long did it remain unburied in Egypt? Where was it finally buried? Josh. 24:32.

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. It is good for men to confess their sins.
2. The evil comes from man; the good following it comes from God.
3. Children's children are the joy of old people.
4. Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright: for the end of that man is peace. Ps. 37:37.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. What did Joseph's brothers fear after their father's death? Ans. They feared that he would hate them, and pay them back for the evil they had done him.
2. What did they entreat from Joseph? Ans. They prayed him to forgive their trespass.
3. How did Joseph remove their fears? Ans. He said unto them, Fear not. And he comforted them and spoke kindly unto them.
4. What dying request did he make them? Ans. He took an oath from them that when they returned to the promised land they would take his remains with them.
5. Was this promise fulfilled? Ans. The Israelites bore the remains of Joseph with them to Canaan, and finally buried them at Shechem. Ex. 13:19; Josh. 24:32.

LESSON VII.—MAY 13: 1894.

ISRAEL IN EGYPT.—Ex. 1:1-14.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 8-10.

GOLDEN TEXT.

'Our help is in the name of the Lord.'—Psalm 124:8.

HOME READINGS.

M. Ex. 1:1-14.—Israel in Egypt.
T. Psalm 105:1-25.—God's Care over Israel.
W. Psalm 91:1-23.—God the help of the Afflicted.
Th. Psalm 140:1-13.—A Prayer for Deliverance.
F. John 8:21-36.—The Bondage of Sin.
S. Rom. 9:11-23.—Freedom from Sin.
S. Psalm 142:1-7.—Bring my Soul out of Prison.

LESSON PLAN.

I. Rapid Increase. vs. 1-7.
II. Cruel Enslavement. vs. 8-12.
III. Sore Oppression. vs. 13, 14.

TIME.—B.C. 1635-1571, from the death of Joseph to the birth of Moses.

PLACE.—Goshen in Egypt.

OPENING WORDS.

The book of Exodus continues the history of the Israelites from the death of Joseph. It was written by Moses. It means 'a going out.' It is so called because it tells us of the departure of the Israelites from Egypt.

HELPS IN STUDYING.

1. *Now these*—a continuation of the history given in Genesis. 3. *Benjamin*—though youngest, he is set before the four children of the bondwomen. 5. *Souls*—persons. Gen. 12:5. *Seventy*—including Jacob and Joseph with his two sons. 6. *Joseph died*—B.C. 1635, aged 110 years. (See last lesson.) 7. *Fruitful*—increased rapidly. (See Gen. 46:1-3.) 8. *A new king*—a new line of kings came into power. *Knew not Joseph*—cared not for his great services. 10. *Wisely*—cunningly. His policy was shrewd, but not wise. 11. *Taskmasters*—over-seers who made them work hard for the king. *Treasure cities*—walled cities used as storage-places for grain and other valuables. *Pithon and Raamses*—cities on the canal connecting the Nile with the Red Sea. 13. *Rigor*—severity. 14. *Mortar*—clay for making bricks.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What is the meaning of the word *Exodus*? Of what is the book of Exodus an account? By whom was it written? Why did Jacob and his family go to Egypt? How was the way prepared for their going? Title? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. RAPID INCREASE. vs. 1-7.—Who was *Israel*? What were his sons' names? How many of his family went to Egypt? How many are mentioned in Acts 7:14? How did they increase in Egypt? Of what promise was this a fulfillment?

II. CRUEL ENSLAVEMENT. vs. 8-12.—What change took place in Egypt? What did this new king fear? How did he reason? What did he determine to do? Who were placed over the Israelites? What cities did they build? What was the result? Who was their Helper?

III. SORE OPPRESSION. vs. 13, 14.—How were their burdens increased? What were they required to do? What slavery and oppression are more bitter than these? John 8:34. How may we be freed from them? John 8:36; Gal. 5:1.

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. Men often forget their benefactors.
2. God never forgets his promises.
3. He never forsakes his people in trouble.
4. Wicked men cannot defeat God's plans.
5. No bondage is so bitter as that of sin.
6. Christ alone can free us from it.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. What was the number of the Israelites when they went into Egypt? Ans. Seventy persons.
2. How long did they remain in Egypt? Ans. Until the time of Moses.
3. Did they increase or decrease in numbers? Ans. They increased abundantly.
4. What change took place in Egypt? Ans. There arose a new king, who knew not Joseph.
5. How did he treat the Israelites? Ans. He made their lives bitter with hard bondage.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

MISDIRECTED ENERGY IN HOUSE-KEEPING.

She was fifty or thereabouts, gray, wrinkled, severe-looking, with hands as knotty and harsh as the stalk of a twisted sapling. Her hair was sparse and had a dead-gray look that betokened little or no vitality either of its own or its owner. She wore a plain cashmere dress that fitted the angles and angularities of her figure only too well. The entire effect, as she sat there, was ruggedness, weariness and the absence of all of the sweet and tender graces and sentiments of life. We wondered what she would say if once she oponed her mouth. Then somebody suggested—and it was a man, too, that made the remark—that she probably would talk about her household affairs and boast that she never had a hired girl in her life. This same man got the credit of being a good reader of character when, after a while, this fragment of feminine angularity was drawn into conversation. She recounted the years that she had worked, the things she had done and the hard times she had had. Her washing was always out before breakfast on Monday morning. The clothes were dried and in the basket by midday, barring rain-storms and sleet that she could not keep away, and then it was her custom to bring them into the kitchen and finish them on chairs, clothes-horses, lines, hooks and in every other available way, in order to keep up her rigid, iron-clad notion of having all the clothes dry by noon. The fact that the house was reeking with dampness did not count in the least. The not altogether suppressed belief among her neighbors that her widow's weeds might have been longer in coming but for an extra spasm of ambition in this direction was not even touched upon. The rheumatic fever that made her one boy a hopeless invalid never stood in the way of using the house as a laundry drying-field nor did any of the minor ills of life occurring either to herself or any of the members of her family retard the rapid revolutions of the many and complicated wheels of her domestic machinery.

There were a few ohs and ahs and a little, a very little enthusiasm over such industry, but not as much as she seemed to expect, and the conversation fell rather flat, when somebody coolly asked her if she thought such untiring and exhaustless energy was well directed. She was simply astounded. The idea that anybody should think that kind of thing wasn't all right was quite too much for her intelligence. The face of the invalid son seemed to rise before some of the members of that company, and the pathetic wailing of the sick child who cried hour after hour: 'Oh, mamma, please shut the door, I'm so cold,' and the curt refusal with the remark: 'How do you suppose I'm going to do my work if I have to run and shut the door all the time?' lingered with a reproachful intensity in the ears of some of the persons present.

A good housekeeper is extremely good in her way, but with all her industry and hard work and self-sacrifice, it might be well if she sometimes remembers that absolute cleanliness, the strict observance of certain days for certain branches of domestic work and rigid adherence to system are only a small part of her duty. It would be much better to put the washing over one week or two, to let dust accumulate and forget the rigorous scrubbing that the back-door steps and cellar-kitchen sometimes receives, in order to bestow a little extra attention on some suffering member of the family, and to keep the dampness that is often the very road of death itself out of the dwelling.

The world is full of women whose constant boast is the amount of housework they accomplish. That a great deal of it is unnecessary, sensible people have come to know very well. It is quite as creditable to put wash-day off until Wednesday, and cuddle little Will or to put away the duster and scrub-brush, and bathe poor Daisy's head as to let the little ones suffer while the regular round of domestic duties is gone over. Good housekeeping is good in the abstract, but when it means the neglecting or ignoring of the tender graces of humanity, when it means steam and soap-suds in the invalid's room, when it means noise and confusion that rasp tired nerves, it is not good housekeeping at all, but is the invasion of the sanctuary of home by the spirit of order, which however useful it may be in its place, is like many other of the good things of life, an excellent servant but an exacting and intolerant master.—*Exchange.*

RESTING THE BACK.

'It never seems to me,' said an energetic, nervous, worrisome woman, 'that I am doing anything, at least anything worth while, when I am leaning back in a chair. There is a suggestion of idleness, of lounging, about it that always struck me as incompatible with the proper performance of duty, and I have never indulged in it.

The friend to whom she spoke, a well preserved woman of sixty, remarked:

'You are making a very great mistake. There is neither idleness nor lounging in doing that which saves your strength. I can work five hours to one if I have the proper kind of a back to my chair. I should accomplish very little, indeed, if I were compelled to sit bolt upright in what people might consider an energetic attitude; and, as for leaning over at my work, I long ago found out that that is one very nice and convenient little form of suicide. Most of my work is done in a large chair with wide, flat arms, across which is placed a good-sized lap-board. In default of this, I sit close to a table of about the same height. Before I tried this I was unable to use my arms more than an hour at a time without great suffering and frequently serious fainting-spells. Now with my board and all materials at hand I can work hours on a stretch. Some of my officious friends used to criticise and gently hint that indolence had something to do with it, but all the same I find I can accomplish more than double the work with far less fatigue than formerly. It seems to me to matter very little to know just the how and why of doing things if one can by the adoption of some labor or strength-saving device do double the amount of work. It is a subject of wonder to me why anybody should think it necessary to worry about it. The lap-board and arm-chair would be a means of grace to many an over-taxed woman, were it not that she is afraid that some one may think that she is lazy.'

WHAT LITTLE ONES CAN DO.

Children from five to ten years of age can open and air the beds in the morning; can wash and wipe dishes, can bring from the cellar all the coal and wood to be used in the other parts of the house, by repeating the journey many times with light loads each time. They can wash the inside of windows; can clean silver; can sew on buttons. They can sweep the back stairs or any bare floor, not a heavy carpet; and a large room may be divided into sections to be swept by small hands. They can tend a baby—not by lifting; no growing child should lift a heavy baby—and can take a baby to ride in its carriage. They can cut out, after the mother has mixed it, a batch of cookies or doughnuts, and if allowed to use their fancy somewhat in the figures, will consider this a most delectable employment. They can stone raisins, sort over beans, pick vegetables, pare potatoes, break macaroni. They can set and clear away the dining-table. They can dust the living-rooms, wipe the mop-boards with a damp cloth, hang out the small pieces of a washing, bring them in when dry, iron the handkerchiefs, napkins and towels. The boys can learn to use a needle, the girls to handle a hammer. It is eminently fit and desirable that boys and girls should understand something of each other's traditional tools.

Tasks should be made easy to the children; when done in workmanlike manner it should be recognized and commended. If a child not naturally lazy shows a special distaste for any particular duty, it is right to relieve him from that task, if possible; something else can generally be substituted. Children that help to prepare a meal might be allowed to suggest part of the bill of fare sometimes. In performing a task, it should not be considered completed until the implements that may have been required are returned to their usual shelves or hooks.

THE TREATMENT OF PINE FLOORS.

When it is such an easy matter to make an ordinary pine floor at least decently presentable, it seems strange that more people do not give attention to this portion of their dwelling, especially as bare floors are universally admitted to be hygienic, much more easily taken care of than those that are covered and, all things taken into consideration, quite as comfortable.

The general complaint is that the floor is not good enough to leave uncovered, but this objection is readily overcome by a little smoothing and planing in some cases, or by newly covering the floor with thin matched boards, which if properly put down will entail but little expense and pay for themselves in saving of work and in comfort every year. Thin flooring carefully planed and matched and put down with a mixture of putty and paint will last for many years, if well treated. The boards should be stained with a preparation of logwood boiled in water until it is a deep dull red. Apply this hot to the boards, being careful that it is even, and not splashed and spotted. By going over with a second coat after the first is dry, and using a brush, one may put in various veinings and grains and produce more or less variety in the wood. After the logwood is thoroughly dried in—and this will take some days, possibly some weeks, if the weather is damp—go over the boards with hot linseed oil. Apply this with a wide, soft brush from which the oil flows freely. How many coats of oil are to be used, and how frequently it is to be put on, are matters dependent largely on the time and strength of the operator. The more coats, however, the better the floor for durability and beauty. One may wax the floor after the oil has thoroughly penetrated the boards, or it may be left with the oil-coat and occasionally rubbed over where there are spots or where the oil has seemed to sink into the wood.

Treated in this way floors often grow really beautiful, the grain of the wood is brought out, and the polish is sometimes almost as fine as old mahogany.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

ENGLISH MUFFINS.

One quart of flour, one teaspoonful of salt, one-third of a cake of compressed yeast or one-third of a cupful of liquid yeast, one cupful and a half of water. Have the water blood warm. Dissolve the yeast in one third of a cupful of cold water. Add it and the salt to the warm water, and gradually stir in the flour. Beat the dough thoroughly, cover, and let it rise in a warm place until it is spongy (about five hours). Sprinkle the bread-board with flour. Shape the dough into balls about twice the size of an egg, and drop them on the floured board. When all the dough has been shaped, roll the balls into cakes about one-third of an inch thick. Lay these on a warm griddle which has been lightly greased, and put the griddle on the back of the stove, where there is not much heat. When the cakes have risen a little, draw the griddle forward and cook them slowly, turning often to keep the flat shape. It will take about twenty minutes for them to rise on the griddle and fifteen to cook. Tear them apart, butter them and serve.

A WORD TO MOTHERS.

Do not always be a drudge in your own household. Rest a little whenever you can, and allow some of the younger members to do some of the work. Have a chair by the stove and when you peep into the oven sit while you look, yea, even a moment after; you will work all the faster for a short change of posture. While mending have your chair in the cosiest corner, where good light will come in, and let the sun strike upon you, if possible, so that you may get the strengthening, health-giving influence of it. Drop your hands occasionally and let them rest. Let your eyes wander out through the window glass as far as possible and rest your eyes by looking at something interesting out of doors. Drop the reins of household government for a little while, unbend yourself and sit down on the rug and play with the children and, as it were, become again a child. Economize your strength. Sit when you can. Do not hold the baby when it can rest and grow just as well in its crib. By resting when you can, by planning the work to be done, and by being systematic and orderly in all things, a woman's work at home is more easily done. —*New York Weekly.*

FRIED DOUGHNUTS.

Here are directions how to make and fry a good doughnut: Two large eggs, one and one-half cups granulated sugar, two cups sweet milk, four teaspoonfuls sweet cream, or two of melted butter, one raised teaspoonful of soda dissolved in three teaspoonfuls sweet milk, two teaspoonfuls of cream tartar, one-fourth teaspoonful of ginger, one-third of a grated nutmeg, a pinch of salt, flour enough for a dough just sufficiently stiff to handle without sticking. First, put to heating the frying fat, containing a cup sized lump of sweet beef tallow to every two quarts of lard. Roll the dough one-fourth of an inch thick, and cut with a cutter three inches in diameter, with an inner cutter of one and one-half inches. This gives a generous-sized doughnut, and also cuts little round pan-cakes sufficiently large for frying, saving the re-kneading of scores of diminutive circles, which makes needless work and over-stiffens the dough. See that the edges of your cutter are sharp and true, and with smoothly-welded seams, else the fried cakes will be 'wobbly' and ragged. Heat the fat as near smoking hot as it can be and not smoke. Turn the cakes but once is my rule; we think if both sides of a frying doughnut are prematurely crusted over it prevents it from rising so light as it otherwise would. Fry the little pan-cakes by themselves, saving time by lifting them from the kettle with a skimmer. Drain the sizzling hot doughnuts sideways as you spear them from the fat. If to be dusted with sugar shake them about in it as soon as taken from the kettle.—*Arthur Home Magazine.*

SPRAINS.

A sprain is always serious. Even a light one may be followed by grave results. Perfect rest for the injured joint should be obtained. If the injury be in the upper extremity, the limb must be placed on a pillow or in a sling, or possibly upon a straight board or splint. When the knee or ankle are involved, the patient must be kept in bed. In addition, the injured part must be wrapped with cloths which have been soaked in simple cold or hot water, as the sufferer may find most agreeable, or arnica, witchhazel, equal parts of alcohol and water, or lead water and laudanum may be used after the pain and swelling have been relieved; the joint must be moved for a short time each day to prevent stiffness.

HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

A fever patient can be made cool and comfortable by frequent sponging off with soda water.

Consumptive night sweats may be arrested by sponging the body nightly in salt water.

One in a faint should be laid low on his back, then loosen his clothes and let him alone.

Nearly one-half the population are more or less afflicted with neuralgic pains. Instead of sending for the doctor, who will probably prescribe a plaster and a dose of medicine, we advise the sufferer to heat a flat-iron, put a double fold of flannel on the painful part then move the iron to and fro on the flannel. The pain will cease almost immediately. We have seen the most painful cases of neuralgia relieved in less than ten minutes.

Sprains are among the most severe accidents to which we are liable. When a joint is sprained, swelling comes on gradually. In dislocation, the swelling and loss of motion of the joint happens immediately after the accident. A sprained limb should be kept perfectly quiet. To prevent inflammation, use poultices of worm-wood, hops, or tansey.

As Long as the devil can find a church member who will get up a parlor dance or a card party right in the middle of a revival meeting, he will be able to hold up his head.—*Ram's Horn.*

SOAP-BUBBLES,

AND THE FORCES WHICH MOULD THEM.

By C. V. Boys, A.R.S.M., F.R.S. of the Royal College of Science.

(Continued.)

We have found that the pressure in a short cylinder gets less if it begins to develop a waist, and greater if it begins to bulge. Let us therefore try to balance

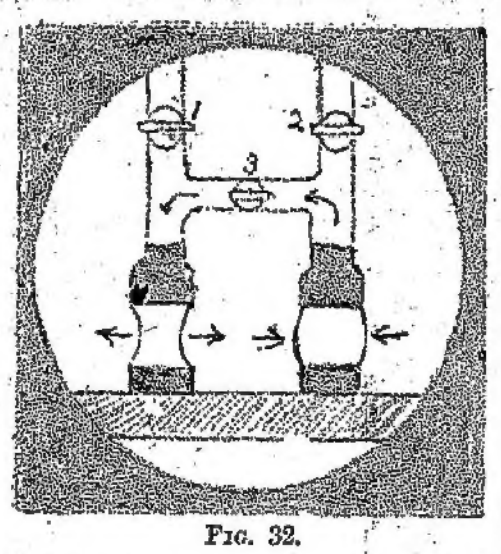


FIG. 32.

one with a bulge against another with a waist. Immediately that I open the tap and let the air pass, the one with a bulge blows air round to the one with a waist and they both become straight. In Fig. 32 the direction of the movement of the air and of the sides of the bubble is indicated by arrows. Let us next try the same experiment with a pair of rather longer cylinders, say about twice as long as they are wide. They are now ready, one with a bulge and one with a waist. Directly I open the tap, and let the air pass from one to the other, the one with a waist blows out the other still more (Fig. 33), until at last it has shut itself up. It therefore behaves exactly in the opposite way that the short cylinder did. If you try pairs of cylinders of different lengths you will find that the change occurs when they are just over one and a half times as long as they are wide. Now if you imagine one of these tubes joined on to the end of the other, you will see that a cylinder more than about three times as long as it is wide cannot last more than a moment; because if one end were to contract ever so little the pressure there would increase, and the narrow end would blow

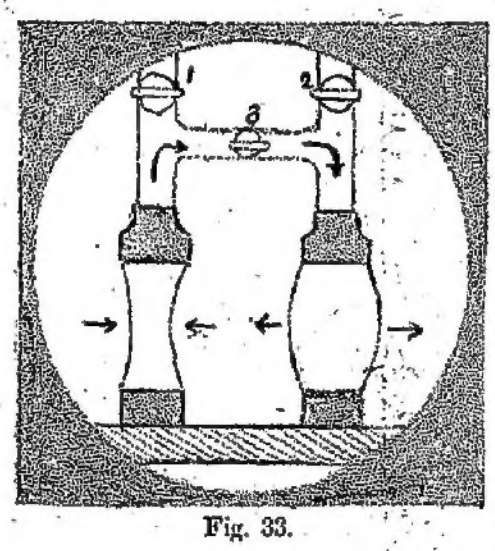


Fig. 33.

air into the wider end (Fig. 34), until the sides of the narrow end met one another. The exact length of the longest cylinder that is stable, is a little more than three diameters. The cylinder just becomes unstable when its length is equal to its circumference, and this is 3 1-7 diameters almost exactly.

I will gradually separate these rings, keeping up a supply of air, and you will see that when the tube gets nearly three times as long as it is wide it is getting very difficult to manage, and then suddenly it grows a waist nearer one end than the other, and breaks off forming a pair of separate and unequal bubbles.

If now you have a cylinder of liquid of great length suddenly formed and left to itself, it clearly cannot retain that form. It must break up into a series of drops. Unfortunately the changes go on so quickly in a falling stream of water that no one by merely looking at it could follow the movements of the separate drops, but I hope to be able to show to you in two or three ways exactly what is happening. You may remember that we were able to make a large drop of one liquid in another, because in this way the effect of the weight was neutralized, and as large drops oscillate or change their shape much more slowly than small, it is more easy to see what is happening. I have in this glass box water colored blue on which is floating paraffin, made heavier by mixing with it a bad-smelling and dangerous liquid called bisulphide of carbon.

The water is only a very little heavier than the mixture. If I now dip a pipe into the water and let it fill, I can then

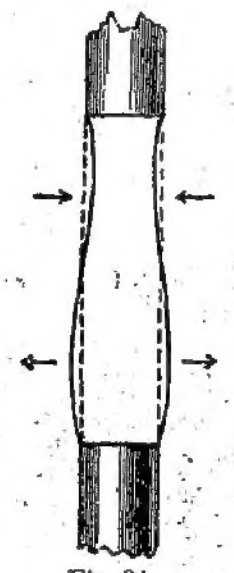


Fig. 34.

raise it and allow drops to slowly form. Drops as large as a shilling are now forming, and when each one has reached its full size, a neck forms above it, which is drawn out by the falling drop into a little cylinder. You will notice that the liquid of the neck has gathered itself into a little drop which falls away just after the large drop. The action is now going on so slowly that you can follow it. If I again fill the pipe with water, and this time draw it rapidly out of the liquid, I shall leave behind a cylinder which will break up into balls, as you can easily see (Fig. 36). I should like now to show you, as I have this apparatus in its place, that you can blow bubbles of water containing paraffin in the paraffin mixture, and you will see some which have other bubbles and drops of one or other liquid inside again. One of these compound bubble drops is now resting stationary on a heavier layer of liquid, so that you can see it all the better (Fig. 37). If I rapidly draw the pipe out of the box I shall leave a long cylindrical bubble of water containing paraffin, and this, as was the case with the water-cylinder, slowly breaks up into spherical bubbles.

Having now shown that a very large liquid cylinder breaks up regularly into drops, I shall next go to the other extreme,

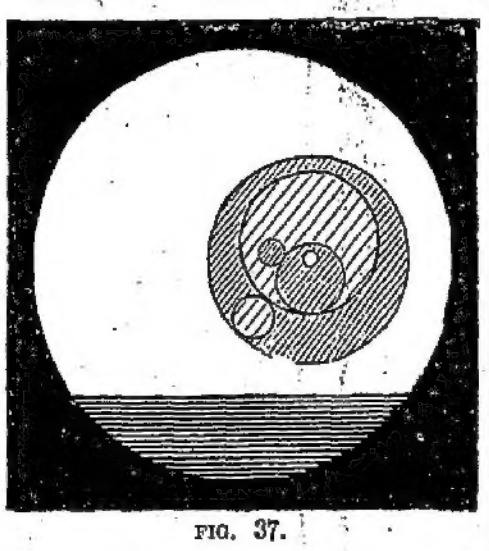
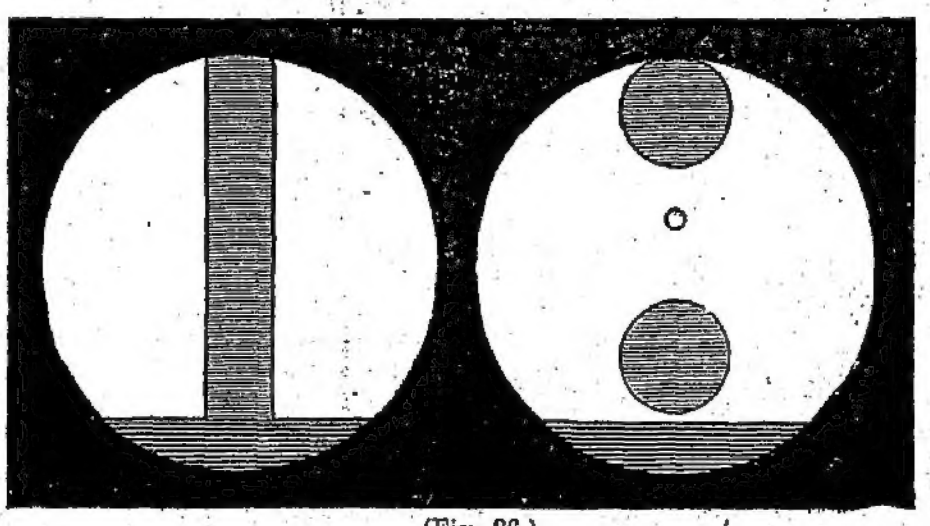


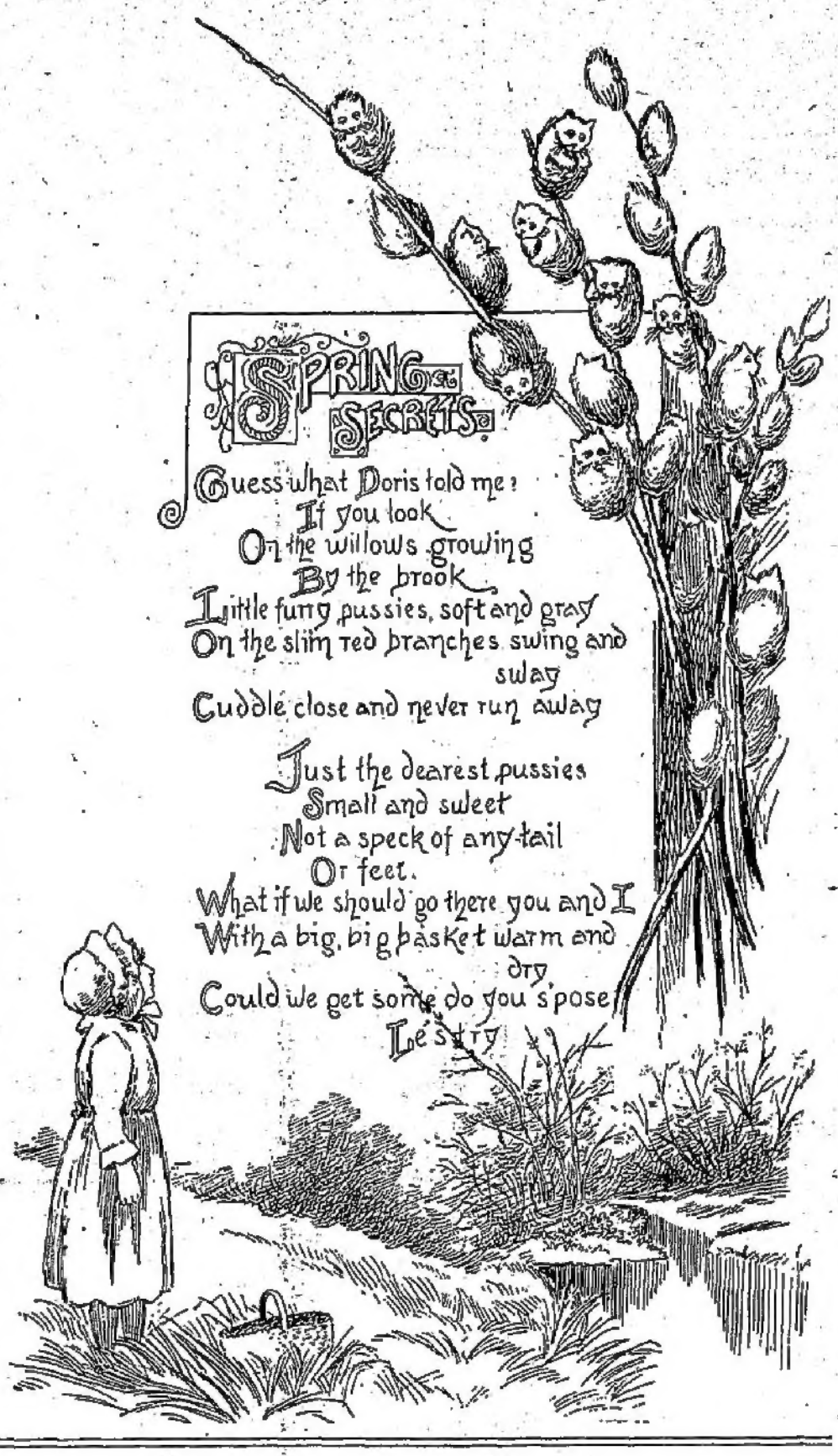
FIG. 37.

and take as an example an excessively fine cylinder.

(To be Continued.)



(Fig. 36.)


SPRING SECRETS
Guess what Doris told me?
If you look
On the willows growing
By the brook
Little furry pussies, soft and gray
On the slim red branches swing and sway
Cuddle close and never run away
Just the dearest pussies
Small and sweet
Not a speck of any tail
Or feet.
What if we should go there you and I
With a big, big basket warm and dry
Could we get some do you s'pose
Le's try

LIKE SOME PEOPLE.

Toddles. 'Papa, don't you think people talk very crooked sometimes?'

Papa. 'Crookedly, you mean. Well, I don't know. How?'

Toddle. 'Why, for one thing, they say the wind roars through the trees, and it doesn't. I've been watching, and the wind goes along quietly till it gets to the trees, and then they begin to fight it and try to keep it from going through. They make all the fuss.'

Papa. 'But how about the trees, my boy? Weren't they very still and quiet, too, before the wind came? The wind seems to me to be like a great many people I know, and even some small boys. It goes along quietly and noiselessly so long as it has things its own way, but just as soon as it meets any opposition there is trouble.'

Papa stopped here and looked at Toddles, expecting an answer, but the little boy seemed to be thinking.—*Harper's Young People.*

GRASS.

The rose is praised for its beaming face,
The lily for saintly whiteness;
We love this for its languid grace
And that for its airy lightness.

We say of the oak, 'How grand of girth!
Of the willow we say 'How slender!'
And yet, of the soft grass, clothing earth,
How slight is the praise we render!

But the grass knows well, in her secret heart
How we love her cool, green raiment;
So she plays in silence her lovely part,
And cares not at all for payment.

Each year her buttercups nod and drowse
With sweet dews brimming over;
Each year she pleases the greedy cows
With oceans of honeyed clover!

Each year on the earth's wide breast she waves,
From Spring 'til bleak November,
And then she remembers so many graves
That no one else will remember!

And while she serves us with goodness mute,
In return for such sweet dealings,
We tread her carelessly under foot—
Yet we never wound her feelings!

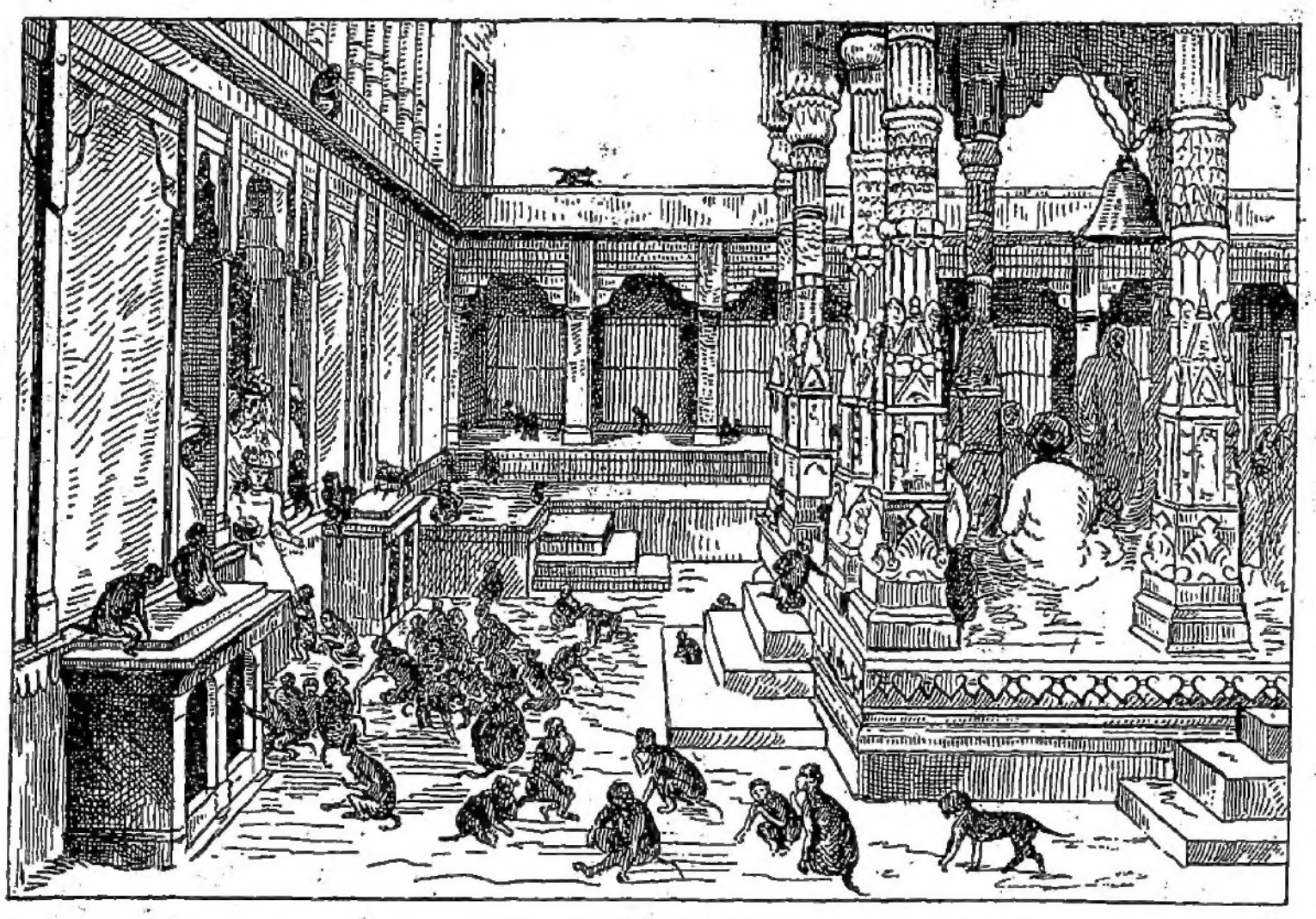
Here's a lesson that he who runs may read;
Though I fear but few have won it—
The best reward of a kindly deed,
Is the knowledge of having done it!

EDGAR FAWCETT.

THE MONKEY TEMPLE OF BENARES.

Among the thousand or more temples and shrines with which the holy Hindoo city of Benares is endowed visitors generally find the great temple dedicated to the worship of the goddess Durga one of the most interesting. It is known to Europeans as the monkey temple because in and around its precincts many hundreds of sacred monkeys roam about without interference. The temple is situated in the southern extremity of the city. It was erected during the last century by the Ranee Bhawani of Natre in honor of Shiva's wife, the terrific goddess who is supposed to delight in death and slaughter, and of whom the poor believers in the various attributes of the deities comprising the Hindoo Pantheon stand in the greatest dread.

'The Durga Kund is conspicuous in this city of temples for the grace and simplicity of its architecture,' writes a correspondent of the London *Graphic*. It adjoins a tank which is the finest in Benares, and occupies the central portion of a quadrangle, the walls being stained red with ochre. The sacred portion of the temple consists of twelve finely carved pillars standing on a marble platform, and supporting a heavy roof. This platform is about four feet from the ground, and is ascended by a flight of low steps on each side of the square. The temple is well provided with the necessary instruments for creating the frightful noises which emanate from these abodes of idolatry all over India. Drums of huge dimensions, gongs, bells, and tom-toms are all at the service of the priests in performing the rites required of them. But the antics of the monkeys which make this temple their home are, next to its architecture, the most attractive feature of the place. The goat's blood with which the walls are sprinkled, and the sacrifices that are known to take place here to appease the wrath of Shiva and his terrifying spouse, are rather revolting to a Christian; but the grotesque play of the monkeys, their importunate begging, the pranks they enact on one another, and the graceful agility they are constantly displaying supply a perpetual source of amusement which one is apt to think must prove rather distracting to the devout Hindoos who come here to worship. These sacred monkeys are of the genus *Semnopethecus entellus*, popularly known as the long-tailed Indian monkey. A few years ago, as no one dared molest these animals, they not only increased rapidly in numbers, but, growing to be exceedingly bold, developed alarming thieving propensities. The annoyance they caused amounted to a public nuisance, for no house in the place was safe from their depredations. At last the trouble grew so serious that some reduction in the number of these adept thieves became a necessity, although the prejudices of the people were against any such steps being taken. In the end the Government was requested to interfere, and, waving aside all other considerations but that of public polity, the authorities had many hundreds—report says thousands—captured and sent away. Nevertheless, there are plenty of them left, and they certainly constitute one of the sights of a city that is probably in many respects the most interesting in the world.



THE MONKEY TEMPLE OF BENARES.

THE Most Foolish of all foolishness is to fool with sin.—*Ram's Horn.*

THE STORY OF LAURA SECORD.

BY HATTIE CLARKE.

At the close of the America war of independence, many of those that had fought in the king's army, rather than break their oath of allegiance, left their homes and emigrated to different parts of Canada, becoming known as United Empire Loyalists.

Among those to settle in Ontario was Thomas Ingersoll, after whom the present town of Ingersoll was named. He brought with him his two sons and a little daughter, Laura, all of whom inherited their father's bravery and patriotism. As she grew to womanhood, Laura's devotion to her country was strengthened by her marriage with James Secord, also a United Empire Loyalist, and originally of Huguenot descent.

In the year 1812 war was declared against Great Britain by the United States, and was almost immediately followed by the invasion of Canada by the latter country. At this time James Secord, with his wife and family, were living at Queenston on the Niagara river; so we are not surprised to learn that, encouraged by his wife, he was one of the first to take arms in defence of his country. However, his active service did not last long, for in the British victory at Queenston Heights, which cost the life of the gallant General Brock, Secord also fell dangerously wounded, and was only rescued from among the dead and dying by his faithful wife.

As their home had been destroyed during the battle, Laura Secord was obliged, with the assistance of two young slaves, to convey her wounded husband, five small children, and all their household belongings, to a farm about a mile distant. Through the long and dreary winter that followed, she nursed her husband back to comparative health, though he was never again fit for active service. With the spring came renewed hostilities, and the little household was often forced, under threat of pillage, to give entertainment to the American soldiers; so it did not cause much surprise when, at the close of a June day, some of Dearborn's soldiers demanded their supper. Knowing that remonstrance would be useless, Mrs. Secord ordered that the best fare the house afforded should be set before them, while she busied herself in an adjoining room.

After a time the loud voices of the soldiers, who had partaken too freely of their host's cider, attracted her attention. What was her astonishment and dismay to learn that they were discussing an attack to be made by the American force of five hundred men, under Col. Boerstler, upon Lieutenant Fitzgibbon, stationed at Beaver Dams, with only a handful of men to defend the post!

Beaver Dams was nearly twenty miles away, and the attack was to be made on the next day but one. How was Fitzgibbon to be warned in time? Her husband was in too weak a condition to think of undertaking the journey, and the children were all too young. There was only one alternative. Could she leave her husband, children, and all that her heart held dearest, whilst she, perchance, perished in the vain attempt to give the warning? But she loved her country too much to desert it in this hour of trial. No, she would do her duty at whatever cost, leaving the result in the hands of an all-wise Father.

Her plans were soon made. One mile distant, at St. David's, her brother lay ill. This would serve as an excuse for her absence to the children and neighbors, without needlessly alarming them. In the early dawn Laura Secord set forth. For fear of arousing the suspicions of the sentries, she wore only the usual cotton house-gown and woollen slippers in which she was accustomed to do her morning's milking.

She had gone but a short distance when she was challenged by an American sentry. She replied that one of her cows, which was fortunately near by at the time, had strayed from home, and she had come to milk it. Reaching the cow, she managed to drive it before her till out of sight of the sentry. The story of her sick brother at St. David's helped her to pass the remaining two sentries that she encountered before reaching that place.

Here she had to resist the entreaties of her friends, who begged her not to risk her life in so perilous an undertaking. But she would not turn back now; and so, after a little rest and direction as to the way to take, she plunged at once into the forest, not daring to keep to the more open road.

Few of us at the present day can have any idea of what that nineteen-mile walk meant to Laura Secord. On and on through the pathless woods, stumbling over fallen trees, wading through streams swollen with the spring rains, often slipping on the moist clay soil. Nor were these the only perils of the way, for now and again would be heard in the distance the cry of some wild animal, or a rattlesnake would glide across her path. Still, with the courage of despair, she presses on through all the heat of that June day; still on through the gathering shadows, for she well knows that at nightfall the wolves will be abroad.

Suddenly there falls on her ear something more terrible even than the baying of wolves,—an Indian war-whoop, whilst she sees a band of Indians with uplifted tomahawks advancing towards her. With difficulty she made them understand that she was the bearer of important news to Fitzgibbon. On hearing this, the Indians, who were Mohawks and British allies, provided an escort for the remainder of her journey.

After reaching Decan's farmhouse at Beaver Dams, where Fitzgibbon and his men were stationed, and telling her story, she was so completely exhausted that two of the men were obliged to carry her in a hammock to a place of safety. But her journey was not in vain, for Fitzgibbon, warned in time, and assisted by the Indian allies, was able to place his men in such a position that Colonel Boerstler and his force, imagining that Fitzgibbon had received re-enforcements, surrendered after a short skirmish.

Laura Secord was soon able to return to the home she loved so much; but, although living to the age of ninety-three, she rarely spoke of her brave deed, considering that she had simply done her duty to her country by it.—*Golden Rule.*

BIRDS AND BOYS.

Mrs. Olive Thorn Miller tells us that boys are more destructive to birds than any other beast of prey whatever. The hawk's beak and the shot-gun are feeble exterminators compared with the nest robber's stealthy hand. It is just in the coming months that these young destroyers get in their deadliest work.

We are blessed with birds of plumage and song as fair as could be desired. That they prefer the society of man, when hospitably treated, is clear. The deep forests are silent, but the groves of every village are God's own aviaries in the months of spring. The love and study of these visitors, with other woodland denizens, and of nature in general, is one of our finest and truest passions. What a pity that it should be shadowed with thoughtless cruelty!

As if the feathered creatures had not natural foes enough—snake, squirrel and hawk—we must encourage our lads to pursue them with all the fatal precision of human ingenuity. Country academies offer prizes for the largest collection of eggs, and packages containing dozens of specimens, are forced upon the markets at cheap prices, or thrown in as premiums with popular journals for youths. No wonder the parks grow still and the flocks disappear to the detriment both of the bird-lover and the husbandman.

All this wanton and artificial pursuit is sanctioned in the name of science. We doubt, however, whether it is necessary that the size, shape, color and spots of every egg should be known to the young ornithologist. Many of our very best writers on birds have gained their knowledge without the slightest disturbance of domestic arrangements among the boughs.

The fines imposed by law are laughed at. But a strong sentiment against the practice, with a clear understanding of the ruin that it is causing, would soon check the progress of this ovomania. It is none too early now to begin the crusade.

JOSH BILLINGS says, 'I will never purchase a lottery ticket so long as I can hire a man to rob me at reasonable wages.'

MR. RICHARD STEDMAN AND THE GIRLS.

BY MARY H. FIELD.

Mrs. Bradford sat alone on her broad piazza, in the twilight of a June day, and, looking up, saw her tall, good-looking young nephew approaching. She rose and held out her hand cordially.

'Well, Dick,' she said, in her pleasant, motherly voice, 'you may come and sit beside me, provided you are in a properly repentant frame of mind, and are ready to tell me why you didn't put in an appearance at my five-o'clock tea, Tuesday.'

'Yes, Aunt Eunice,' answered Mr. Richard Stedman, taking the proffered hand and seat, 'I've come on purpose to be scolded.'

'You are doomed to disappointment, then,' she said. 'When did your good-natured old aunty ever treat you to a scolding? I merely asked for an explanation.'

The young man hesitated, striking the toe of his highly polished boot with his walking-stick, and twisting his handsome moustache with his disengaged hand during a few seconds of meditation. Then he said:

'Well, Aunt Eunice, I think I'll continue my boyish custom of making a clean breast of it when you were my confessor. You were always bound to find me out any way. The reason I did not come was this,—I don't get on well with the girls nowadays. They're all so confoundedly clever, and so sharp on all the new books and things, and a man who hasn't a head for that kind of business can't keep up his end of the game. I'm no literary fellow, you know, and I don't like that kind of girl. I knew you'd have the Spauldings and the Clarks, and that Miss Whitney who seems to think in Greek,—all of the college girls,—and I knew they'd trip me up on something or other; so, instead of putting on my dress suit, and making a background for these brilliant young women's pyrotechnics, I stayed in our back office, and made a scheme for booming old Sear's lots; and I'm going to do it, I reckon. Just you wait, and watch the developments.'

Mrs. Bradford smiled indulgently, but she could not help saying, 'Ah, Dick dear, what a pity you did not go to college too!'

'Maybe so,' he answered, a little gloomily; 'but I didn't feel that way at eighteen, and I fancied father needed my help then more than I needed Greek.'

'Yes, I know all about it,' said his aunt; 'and there was a good deal to hinder. Forgive me if my words had a tone of reproach. Business men are needed—of course, they are—just as much as professional men, and if you are not a classical scholar, it doesn't at all follow that you must go through life bemoaning the fact. Let us go back to the girls. The ones of whom you have spoken surely have too much sense to be pedantic and disagreeable; and then there were plenty of girls at my tea who hadn't had such an elaborate education.'

Stedman shook his head forlornly. 'I've had several Waterloos lately,' he said, 'and I can't seem to rally my forces. Now, I went to the Moulton reception last spring,—felt as if I must, because the girls have always been so nice to me; and, good gracious, if they didn't spring some sort of a book game on me! I went round for half an hour with the title of a book pinned on my back,—book I'd never heard of, by some author of whose existence I was only dimly aware,—that old crank that lived by a pond somewhere near Boston, in a hut he built for himself, and worked the cost of his living down to a few mills a day—I've hunted up his history since. Well! I let the girls chaff me nearly to death about the infamous old wretch, and then I pleaded an engagement and went down town and wrote letters to men who aren't occupied weighing the salt in their porridge.'

Mrs. Bradford was now brushing away tears which appeared to result from laughter, but which she declared were purely sympathetic.

Her nephew went on; 'That isn't the worst of it, either, Aunt Eunice. You know how friendly Sue Taylor and I have always been. It only seems a year or two since I was drawing her to school on my sled, and she had half a cooky in her pocket for me. Well, I've been in the habit of falling back on her for some common-place enjoyment at picnics and parties; and now my last prop has fallen. I overtook her night before last hurrying along the street, and hailed her with "Where are you going, my pretty maid?" "I'm going to the Circle, sir, she said." And if she didn't go on to tell me how she and her mother were both Chautauquans, and reading about art and science and history and literature, and Heaven knows what. She had a Greek book under her arm, and pretended it was interesting,—the little humbug. I just groaned, and then burst into frantic expostulation. Don't, Sue,' I begged; "don't. You'll be like all the rest. I sha'n't have a friend left in the world."'

'And then,' said Mrs. Bradford, 'she laughed, and called you a ridiculous boy, and, I hope, asked you to join the Circle next fall.'

'Oh, yes! that was about it, I grant.'

'And you said you didn't want to be bothered with any literary nonsense, and hadn't time to go to school if you did.'

'Yes,—what else did we say?'

'Oh, nothing I care to repeat; though, of course, I might, if I chose, give a verbatim report. But I'll tell you what each of you thought afterward.'

'Pray, do.'

'You thought you never saw Sue look prettier, nor seem more charming, even if she was turning blue-stocking. And she thought, "Poor Dick; what a pity he will stay out in the cold! I like him vastly better than I do Professor Dana, with his long hair. Dick might know everything, if he only had a mind to. What ails the boys, any way, to let about half their faculties die of atrophy?" The truth is, she thought about you, Dick, all the way to the Circle, and off and on through the whole evening, although Professor Dana had a wonderfully good paper. I know, for I heard it myself. You needn't fancy I'm going to spy on her maiden meditations any more, however—not even for your benefit, sir.'

Dick was tugging at his moustache harder than ever. 'Thank you, Aunt Eunice,' he said. 'I've not the least doubt of the accuracy of your knowledge; but it is a little hard on Sue to be so exposed.' He resumed: 'I tell you, Aunt Eunice, I like old-fashioned girls, girls that just sew and cook and frolic, and the prettier the better.'

'Oh! you do?' inquired Mrs. Bradford. 'You like girls that in a dozen years or so grow into such women as—Mrs. Sears, for instance.'

'Faugh!' he answered. 'That stupid old dowager.'

'Well, Mrs. Horten, then. She isn't heavy nor dull, I'm sure.'

'The vixen!' ejaculated the young man. 'Mrs. Driscoll, possibly?'

Dick held up both hands in protest. 'I like a woman who is good and gentle and dignified, and who keeps her charm when she has gray hair. I like you, Aunt Eunice,' he said, quite simply and frankly.

'Ah, you rogue!—do you think I'll let you off now?' she asked, reaching for his hand. 'But you know I fairly revel in books,—always have and always shall.'

'Well, you know how to make everybody have a good time,' he persisted.

'Thank you, Dick. I'm afraid you won't quite enjoy what I'm going to say; but listen now. Your tastes are all right. Every man likes a bright, pleasant, wide-awake woman, who has a foundation of good common-sense, and whose spirit grows more beautiful as her rose-hues fade. Many men, before they are twenty-five, however,—yes, and a good many after that advanced age,—are deceived by mere surface prettiness. They mistake bright eyes for intelligence, giggles for cheerfulness, high color for brilliancy. My memory goes back to the time when each of the ladies whom I have just instanced was considered a remarkably pretty and pleasing girl. I tell you, Dick, a young fellow needs to look ahead a little. He ought to ask a great deal oftener than he does, "What shall I be at fifty? What will she be at fifty?" Now, you do not want to be just a machine for making figures, like poor old Mr. Remington. Neither do you wish your wife to be a dull mass of flesh and blood like that famous cook, Mrs. Sears; nor a nervous, exasperating scold, like that laborious housewife, Mrs. Horton; nor a silly old piece of affectation, like Mrs. Driscoll. I trow not. But, as you very well know, mature men and women are the results of their youth. Habits are like the old man of the sea on poor Sindbad's back. Start right in now, my boy, to keep all your powers in play. Have a variety of interests. Don't fancy because you were not a bookish boy that you can never like books. Most of us don't mature very young. You are ten times as capable as you were at sixteen in a dozen differing lines. Now, join Sue's Circle. You will be interested in all these studies before you know it; but make a fight for it, if need be. It is tremendously worth while. You need a knowledge of books to make you feel at home in the best society, as you've just acknowledged. You need it to make your own intelligence many-sided and symmetrical. You need it for your own self-respect. You need it to win the respect of those for whom you care. You can never "get on," as you say, without it.

'Now, here is a course of reading all mapped out for you. Here are the very lines of study you need. Here is a circle of pleasant friends, ready to read with you and help you in a hundred ways. Here is a dear girl holding out her hand to you in old schoolmate fashion. Why not go with her? Why let her drift away into this lovely world of art and literature, and have a barrier built up between you—maybe, alas! for all the time?'

It had grown quite dark. Young Stedman bent over his aunt's hand and kissed it.

'You have always been like a mother to me, Aunt Eunice,' he said. 'I am going right over to see Sue, and to join her Chautauqua Circle.'—*Sunday-School Times.*

LITTLE CROSSES.

BY EMMA L. BURNETT.

'You appear to be in low spirits,' remarked Grace Burling to her friend, Agnes McGrath, as they were on their way to make a call one pleasant spring evening. 'What's the matter?'

'I've had bad news to-day,' Agnes replied, gloomily. 'Three of my music pupils have stopped their lessons for the season, when I expected them to go until July. They don't pay much, to be sure, but the loss of just that amount means no summer outing for me.'

'Oh!' exclaimed Grace, in profound sympathy. She knew of all the demands on Agnes's slender purse, and how brief and cheap these much-needed outings had to be at any time.

'It is a bitter disappointment,' Agnes pursued. 'I'm perfectly willing to do housework, nurse Grandfather, and give music lessons, between times, all the rest of the year, if I can only get two solid weeks of seashore, or of green fields. But this year I shall have to do without.'

Both girls sighed. Then Grace said:

'I'm not looking forward to a very pleasant summer either. Aunt Jane has come to spend several months with us.'

'Your Aunt Jane! What in the world brought her back again?' Agnes demanded in consternation, being fully aware of Aunt Jane's disagreeable peculiarities.

'That's what I'd like to know. I can't imagine why she should leave Uncle John's, where there is plenty of room, and wedge herself in our small house, where there are so many of us we can scarcely turn around. Of course I have to share my room with her, and she has so many old traps sitting around, to be handy, that it is never fit to be seen.'

'Too bad!' murmured Agnes, who could easily imagine what martyrdom this would be to a person of Grace's neat, dainty ways.

'Then she is in and out of the room fifty times a day, so that I can't have it to myself five minutes at a time,' said Grace, going on with her plaints, 'and in a big, bustling family like ours, one needs a quiet place to retire to occasionally. Well,' she added half humorously, and not meaning any irreverence, 'if I ever get to heaven I hope I shall have a little mansion all to myself, where I can go when I get tired of the other saints, and the angels.'

'No tiredness there,' said Agnes. 'No botherations or disappointments either. But what's going on at Immanuel?' she asked, as turning a corner, they came in view of a large, handsome, brilliantly-lighted church, into which groups of people were going.

'Oh, I forgot to tell you. The choir and some other good singers, are giving a concert this evening; something in the way of an oratorio, I believe. It is free to the public, too.'

'Do let us go in,' urged Agnes, an ardent music-lover. 'We can go to see Kate some other evening.'

'Just as you say,' Grace agreed. 'I should like to go in, for though I shan't be able to enjoy the music as you will, the form and coloring of this church are a feast to the eyes.'

However, if she did not fully appreciate the musical setting, the subject was one that appealed just as forcibly to her as to any in the audience, the work given being Dudley Buck's 'Story of the Cross.' The hundreds gathered there, for the church was speedily filled to its utmost capacity, listened with intense interest to the fine rendition of the beautiful, touching oratorio. There were wet eyes here and there long before the final song was reached, and, no doubt many thought what a lady, near our girls, softly breathed:

'I never felt so near heaven before!'

That all present longed for some vent for their pent up feelings, was shown when, by a happy inspiration, the pastor of the church, at the close of the concert, asked the assembly to rise and join in singing 'Nearer my God to Thee.' Probably that favorite hymn, the prayer of so many hearts, has seldom been sung with greater unction. In all that throng apparently no voice was silent. So great was the volume of sound that the organist, to guide it, was obliged to put on almost the full organ.

'E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me,'

Agnes softly sang, on their homeward way, through that quiet part of the town. 'While we sang,' she said, 'I could not help looking at some people whom I know are carrying heavy crosses. There was Mrs. Taylor, whose darling baby died in the winter; and Mr. Suder, whose wife died so suddenly about the same time, and that made me think of others who have living troubles. Old Mr. Stevens, whose sons are such scapegraces, and the Conroys, with their deformed and imbecile daughter—their only child, and—Oh! lots of other people. Poor sufferers!'

'Still, don't you think those great crosses are better for people than the innumerable little ones that we have a share of? Because great sorrows often do lead persons nearer to God'—

'Out of my stony grief,
Bethel I'll rise,
Still in my woes to be
Nearer to Thee,'

quoted Agnes.

'Yes; but these little troubles and trials, are such insignificant things, one hardly likes to dignify them by the name of crosses; I don't see how they do us any good. They only irritate us.'

There was silence a few moments, and then Agnes broke out with:

'But we ought to allow them to do us good—these little crosses; that's what they are sent for. They may be "made steps up to heaven." Seems to me the whole drift of that hymn is, that every thing should lead us nearer to God. Joys as well as sorrows. Little crosses as well as great ones'—

'Aunt Jane's visitations, and no summer trips,' interrupted Grace.

'Yes, all that Thou sendest me
In mercy given.'

'That just reminds me of something I saw in a paper the other day,' Grace exclaimed. 'It was a prayer of Phillips Brooks. If I can find it I'll send it round to you. I remember one expression was, "May all that Thou sendest us bring us to Thee."'

The next day one of the numerous little Burlings brought Agnes a newspaper with the following passage marked:

'Oh, Lord, by all Thy dealings with us, whether of joy or pain, of light or darkness, let us be brought to Thee. Let us value no treatment of Thy grace simply because it makes us happy, or because it makes us sad, because it gives us or denies us what we want, but may all that Thou sendest us bring us to Thee, that, knowing Thy perfectness, we may be sure in every disappointment that Thou art still loving us, and in every darkness that Thou art still enlightening us, and in every enforced idleness that Thou art still using us—yea, in every death that Thou art giving us life, as in His death Thou didst give life to Thy Son our Saviour Jesus Christ.'—*Presbyterian Observer.*

HOW MIS-MIS WAS SAVED.

BY REV. EGERTON R. YOUNG.

Several years ago, in one of the Indian tribes in the far North-West of America, the buffaloes, that have now entirely disappeared, kept so far away that the Indian hunters found a great deal of difficulty in killing sufficient numbers of them to keep the people supplied with food.

In those days they did not cultivate the land, and so had no grain or vegetables.

Instead of being extra industrious and endeavoring to kill other kinds of game to take the place of the buffalo, the disheartened, wicked men of the tribe, resolved to get rid of some of the old people, who had outlived their ability to hunt or fish as well as in their more youthful days.

This cruel custom of putting to death the aged and feeble existed among many of the tribes until a very recent date.

One old man especially was singled out in this tribe, to which we have referred, to be killed and sent to the happy hunting-grounds immediately on the return of a large hunting party, if they should be unsuccessful in a great hunting excursion on which they were about starting.

In some way or other, Mis-mis, for that was his name, and it is the Indian for grandfather, got hold of this information and was not at all pleased with the news of what was in store for him.

Had he not been for years the mighty hunter and brave warrior? Had he not been able to shoot the arrow clean through the body of the buffalo, and had not, in years past, the war-whoop rung out from him as, ever in the fore-front of the battle, he pushed on with the bravest of the brave? And now for him to be basely strangled with a rope or lasso! The thought was humiliating. Why had he not died in battle long ago rather than come to this? So, instead of sitting down in sullen indifference and stoically awaiting his fate, he determined that, as he was to die, he would die in a manner worthy of his record as a brave warrior and a great hunter. He resolved that he must die in mortal combat with some enemy of a hostile tribe, or in battle with some savage beast.

While brooding over this resolve and wondering how he could best carry it out (while the able-bodied hunters were all away), the opportunity one day suddenly presented itself.

Back of the village in which he lived were some large, deep ravines, in which great quantities of sweet berries grow on tall bushes. The Indians call these berries Sas-ke-too-me-nah-nah-Menisuk. They are like our bilberries. The bears are as fond of them as are the Indians

One day, as Mis-mis sat gloomily in his tent, a party of boys came rushing in with the news that while they were out in one of the ravines, picking berries, they saw not far away a very large grizzly bear. Mis-mis sprang up with joy. Here was his opportunity. He would die fighting that great bear. So, divesting himself of all his clothes but a pair of leather pants, which were scant and torn, and taking his tomahawk, he sallied out to the conflict. He stuck in his hair as many eagle feathers as he had slain enemies in battle, and as he marched forth he began to sing his death-song.

Of course, he expected nothing but death from this monster, as the killing of a full-grown grizzly by a hunter is ever considered a feat equal to that of slaying a warrior of another tribe in a hand-to-hand conflict.

He had not far to go ere he caught signs of the enormous brute that had been quietly feasting on the berries. Every species of bears seems fond of berries. On the rivers of the far North I have watched the black bears, through a telescope, eating with great relish the wild berries which grow there.

As Mis-mis hurried on, still singing his death-song, the grizzly, amazed at his audacity and enraged at being interrupted in his feast, at once came to meet him. Black bears are generally timid and run away when thus disturbed, but not so the grizzlies.

When within striking distance, the Indian, who, as a brave hunter, had resolved to sell his life as dearly as possible, raised his sharp tomahawk and aimed a terrible blow at the bear, that had quickly risen up on his haunches.

Bears are, perhaps, the most skilful boxers in the world, and this enormous old fellow was no exception. He easily parried the blow aimed at his head by Mis-mis, and did it so effectually that he knocked the glittering tomahawk out of his hand with such force that it went flying through the air and landed on the prairie-grass, yards away.

Poor old Mis-mis was in a sad plight now. There he stood before the grizzly, without a weapon and nearly naked. But he had come out to die, and while sorry that he had not been able to at least draw blood, or wound the enemy that was to kill him, he stood his ground bravely, and waited to receive the terrible stroke of the paw that would fairly tear him to pieces.

Grizzly bears do not hug or squeeze their victim to death, like some other kinds of bears do Their method, when they get close to their foe or prey, is to strike out with their fore-paw as they rise upon their hind legs. Their horny claws are often larger than a man's finger, and they can easily strike down a horse or a buffalo.

Fancy, if you can, the old Indian's amazement, when the terrible paw that was to

THERE HE STOOD BEFORE THE GRIZZLY, WITHOUT A WEAPON.

fairly tear him open, came down across his naked chest, and did not even scratch or injure him. The claws were all gone, and the blow he had received was as though he had been struck with a great ball of fur. He quickly put himself in a boxing attitude and struck back, and then the bear hit him again, but it did him no serious harm. And so they had quite a battle. Fists against an old bear's paws robbed of their claws!

Soon another thought came into old Mis-mis's head, and it was this: 'I will capture this big bear, and thus show the hunters that I am worth something yet.' So he jumped back, and ran as fast as he could from the bear to the village. The bear did not follow far, but returned to the berries.

The old man told the boys to get their lassos ready, and to come with him. He, with an Indian's quick insight, told them that here was an old bear that they could capture. He explained that this old fellow had broken off all his claws by turning over heavy rocks and stones looking for slugs and worms, on which the grizzlies feed, and of which they are very fond.

The boys entered eagerly into the sport, for were they not the sons of warriors and hunters, and were they not longing for the time when they would be able to emulate the deeds of the bravest of their tribe?

What an Indian boy loves most of all is his bow and arrows. Next to these is his lasso. This is made of strong, green hide, and is fixed with a running noose or slip-knot at one end. The other end the lad ties to his belt, or holds in his hand.

They become very skilful in throwing the open noose over the heads of dogs and their colts and horses, and even buffaloes.

Mis-mis got about a dozen of the biggest boys to accompany him with their lassos, and as quietly as possible they surrounded the bear. Almost before he knew where he was, the lassos began to fall over his head and tightened on his neck. He plunged this way and that way, but all in vain. The boys held him tight, and as he had lost most of his teeth in addition to his claws, he could not cut off the tough leather lassos.

He growled and struggled, but all in vain. Old grandfather and the boys had him captured. After a good deal of trouble and excitement, they got him to the Indian village. They drove down some strong stakes on different sides of him, and tied him so securely to them that he could not possibly get away.

Great was the excitement of the men when they returned from their hunting expedition. Here was a feat never equalled in the history of their tribe A live grizzly captured and tethered with lassos in the camp!

A great council was called. Mis-mis was voted to be, as he had ever been, a brave man. Mis-mis was not to die. The threat to kill him was removed. As long as there was food in the camp he was to have his share.

Soon after this the missionary arrived, and the people became Christians. And now the old and feeble are all kindly cared for, and there will never be a return to those days when it was such a risky thing to get old and feeble.

A WATCH'S WONDERS.

THE MECHANISM OF THE MOST COMMON ARTICLE OF ATTIRE.

Open your watch and look at the little wheels, springs and screws, each an indispensable part of the whole wonderful machine. Notice the busy little balance wheel as it flies to an fro unceasingly, day and night, year in and year out. This wonderful little machine is the result of hundreds of years of study and experiment. The watch carried by the average man is composed of ninety-eight pieces, and its manufacture embraces more than 2,000 distinct and separate operations. Some of the smallest screws are so minute that the unaided eye cannot distinguish them from steel filings or specks of dirt. Under a powerful magnifying glass a perfect screw is revealed. The slit in the head is 2-1000 of an inch wide. It takes 308,000 of these screws to weigh a pound, and a pound is worth $1,585. The hair-spring is a strip of the finest steel, about 9½ inches long and 1-100 inch wide and 27-10,000 inch thick. It is coiled up in a spiral form and finely tempered. The process of tempering these springs was long held as a secret by the few fortunate ones possessing it, and even now is not generally known. Their manufacture requires great skill and care. The strip is gauged to 20-1000 of an inch, but no measuring instrument has as yet been devised capable of fine enough gauging to determine beforehand by the size of the strip what the strength of the finished spring will be. A 1,20,000 part of an inch difference in the thickness of the strip makes a difference in the running of a watch of about six minutes per hour.

The value of these springs, when finished and placed in watches, is enormous in proportion to the material from which they are made. A comparison will give a good idea. A ton of steel made up into hair-springs when in watches is worth more than twelve and one-half times the value of the same weight of pure gold. Hair-spring wire weighs one-twentieth of a grain to the inch. One mile of wire weighs less than half a pound. The balance gives five vibrations every second, 300 every minute, 18,000 every hour, 432,000 every day, and 157,680,000 every year. At each vibration it rotates about one and one-fourth times, which makes 197,100,000 revolutions every year. In order that we may better understand the stupendous amount of labor performed by these tiny workers let us make a few comparisons. Take, for illustration, a locomotive with six-foot driving wheels. Let its wheels be run until they have given the same number of revolutions that a watch does in one year, and they will have covered a distance equal to twenty-eight complete circuits of the earth. All this a watch does without other attention than winding once every twenty-four hours.

MOTHER'S RULES.

A place for each thing,
And each thing in its place;
You can go in the dark
And each article trace.

Whatever is worth doing
Is worth doing well;
Take time for your working,
Your work will excel.

Be quiet and steady,
Haste only makes waste;
Steps hurriedly taken
Must needs be retraced.

A bad habit cured
Is a good one begun;
The beginning make right,
And your work is half done.

What you should do to-day
You must never postpone;
Delay steals your moments
And makes you a drone.

Never say, 'I cannot,'
But 'I'll try, try again'—
Let this be at all times
Your cheerful refrain.

Be content with your lot,
Be bright as the sun;
Be kind and be true—
All wickedness shun.

Love God and your neighbor,
The Golden Rule keep;
Walk daily with Jesus,
And in His love sleep.

A ROYAL PROMISE.

Some time ago a clergyman was asked to visit a very poor woman who was dying of slow consumption. She was a true child of God, but appeared to have no earthly friends who were in a position to help her in time of need.

The thought of the workhouse infirmary appalled her, and she refused to die within its walls. The authorities declined to grant her any help while she objected to enter the union.

'You are totally unfit to do anything for yourself,' said the clergyman who was visiting her; 'can you think of no friend who could assist you just now?'

'Not one,' replied the poor woman, sorrowfully.

'Think again—there may be one,' urged her visitor.

'Yes, yes, sir; *you are right!*' exclaimed the poor widow, sudden faith and joy illuminating her wasted features. 'Yes, I have one friend, of whom God has just reminded me.'

'And who is this friend?' asked the clergyman.

'It is Her Majesty the Queen,' replied the poor widow. The clergyman started; he thought the poor, friendless creature's mind was in a weak state—that it was giving way under the pressure of adverse circumstances—that she was raving.

By way of humoring her, he asked her kindly,

'And how is it you are able to count the Queen your friend?'

In reply, the invalid said that Her Majesty, when Princess Victoria, and staying in the Isle of Wight, went out frequently in a yacht, or cutter-boat, of which her son (the widow's), a very delicate lad, was helmsman. She proceeded:—

'The Princess often came and spoke to him, and when he was absent for some days from his post she noticed it, and inquired as to the cause. Hearing that my boy was ill Her Royal Highness graciously asked my permission to visit him. Needless to say, it was given, and when the Royal visitor came to see him she found him in bed very ill.

'After remaining with him for some time, and comforting him with many Divine and gracious words, she ordered that delicacies, such as would tempt the capricious appetite of an invalid, were to be sent daily from her own table.' (This reminds us of the 'daily provision of the king's meat' spoken of in Dan. i. 5, only that in the present case the royal kindness could be gladly accepted.) 'Then,' resumed the widow, 'after kind words to me and my son, she always left some little remembrance of her visit in the shape of money.'

'And what of your son?' asked the clergyman.

'After much suffering he died, and the Princess, with gentle sympathy, called upon me in my humble home, and did her best to console and comfort me in my grief.'

The Princess, upon leaving the sorrowing mother, kindly said:

'If you ever need a friend, apply to me; and for his sake—your boy's—I will assist you as you may need.'

But the widow allowed the years to roll on, and though she was often in the sorest straits, she never took the Queen at her word—never applied to her for the help she knew she would receive if she did so. She possibly felt it would be presumption in one so obscure to claim the promise of the Queen of England.

Now, in her last extremity, she felt she must remind the royal lady of her promise made years ago; she was the only one on earth to whom she could apply, as she had told the clergyman. He at once wrote to the Queen, stating the facts of the case, and asking if it were true. An answer came almost immediately, saying it was all true, and that Her Majesty was so pleased to be reminded of her promise, and that she would, according to that promise, provide for the comfort of the poor woman during the remainder of her life. What a truly royal answer? This is a beautiful story, but it is to the lesson it teaches that our hearts must turn. A greater than our Queen, even the King of kings Himself, has promised, 'for his sake,' the sake of his Divine and only Son, to provide for us in our need. 'And this is the confidence that we have in Him, that, if we ask anything according to his will, He heareth us.'

The Christian.

SHUN EVIL.

Whether the dance, the theatre, or the card-table are intrinsically evil or not, the world has taken them for her own and in the estimate of the worldling they are the signs and tokens of conformity to things earthly. A young lady said to the writer not long since, 'I do not believe I ought to be considered a Christian any longer.' 'Why?' 'Because I have become addicted to theatre-going and I love it more than I do the church.' A frank and honorable way of putting it. Certain Christians are just now endeavoring to prove this statement incorrect. They propose to participate in worldly amusements and still remain Christians. Will they have any other than Lot's experience in Sodom? At the best, Lot never won a soul for God. Have you ever heard of a dancing, a theatre-going Christian who was at the same time a genuine soul-saver?

THE HARM OF CIDER.

A speaker was once addressing an audience of boys and girls, and told, among other things, that cider started the appetite for stronger drinks. At the close of the meeting a poor, besotted, broken-down man came up and said to the speaker: 'You did right in warning the boys and girls against using cider. Just look at what I am! It was the cider on my father's farm that made me a drunkard!'

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'NORTHERN MESSENGER.'

By a special arrangement with MR. WILLIAM EVANS, Montreal, one of the oldest and most reliable seed houses in Canada, we will forward post-paid to all subscribers to the 'Weekly Witness' and 'Northern Messenger' these special collections at the prices named.

These collections are put up exclusively for the 'Witness' and 'Northern Messenger' in separate packages, as indicated in each offer, and no package of seeds can be exchanged from one offer to another.

The seeds are all fresh, and are as represented on each package by Mr. Evans, and are not sold for less than the price marked, and are thoroughly tested as to climate and quality.

The vegetable seeds comprise the very best varieties suitable for any part of the Dominion.

The flower seeds in offer No. 3 form the very best varieties, comprising the showiest and best for cutting.

OFFER No. 1.

THE FARM GARDEN COLLECTION.

	Cts.
Beans, Golden Wax	10
Beans, Wardswell's Kidney Wax	10
Beet, Early Egyptian Blood	5
Cabbage, Extra Early Etampes	5
Cabbage, Fotler's Early Drumhead	5
Carrot, Early Long-Head Nantes	5
Carrot, Long Orange	5
Cucumber, Long Green	5
Corn, Sweet Early Cory	10
Corn, Sweet Evergreen	10
Lettuce, Gardener's Favorite	5
Melon, Evans's Superb	5
Nasturtium, Tall Mixed	5
Onion, Red Wethersfield	5
Onion, Silver Pickling	5
Peas, Extra Early, First and Best	10
Peas, Stratagem—*Main Crop*	10
Parsnips, Long Smooth	5
Parsley, Triple Curled	5
Radish, French Breakfast	5
Radish, Long Scarlet	5
Salsify, New Mammoth	5
Spinach, Large English	5
Squash, Turban	5
Squash, Vegetable Marrow	5
Tomato, Livingston's Perfection	5
Turnip, Early Strap Leaf	5
Turnip, Swede, Laing's Purple Top	5
Sage	5
Summer Savory	5
Total	$1.80

This Packet to 'Northern Messenger' Subscribers, 90c.

OFFER No. 2.

THE KITCHEN GARDEN COLLECTION.

	Cts.
Beans, Early Golden Wax	10
Beet, Early Blood Turnip	5
Cabbage, Extra Early Etampes	5
Carrot, Early Half-long Chantenay	5
Cucumber, Early Frame	5
Corn, Sweet, Crosby's Sugar	10
Lettuce, Royal White Summer	5
Melon, Nutmeg, Evans's Superb	10
Onion, Large Red Wethersfield	5
Parsnips, Hollow Crown	5
Parsley, Triple Curled	5
Peas, First and Best	10
Radish, Long Scarlet	5
Squash, Hubbard	5
Tomato, Acme	5
Turnip, Laing's Swede	5
Total	$1.00

This Packet to 'Northern Messenger' Subscribers, 50c.

OFFER No. 3.

THE FLOWER GARDEN COLLECTION.

	Cts.
Sweet Mignonette	5
Pansy, Large-flowered	10
Chrysanthemum, Double	10
Nasturtium, Dwarf Mixed	5
Candytuft, White Rocket	5
Love in a Mist	5
Chinese Pink	10
Gilia, Tricolora	5
China Aster, Truffaut's Best	10
Sweet Scabious Double	5
Silene Pendula Rubra	5
Gaillardia, Double Mixed	5
Sweet Peas, Best Mixed	5
Phlox, Large flowered	10
Petunia, Finest Mixed	10
Perennial Sweet Pea, Scarlet	15
Total	$1.20

This Packet to 'Northern Messenger' Subscribers, 60c.

ADDRESS:

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
'Witness' Office,
MONTREAL.